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At the Station

Charles D. Moskus

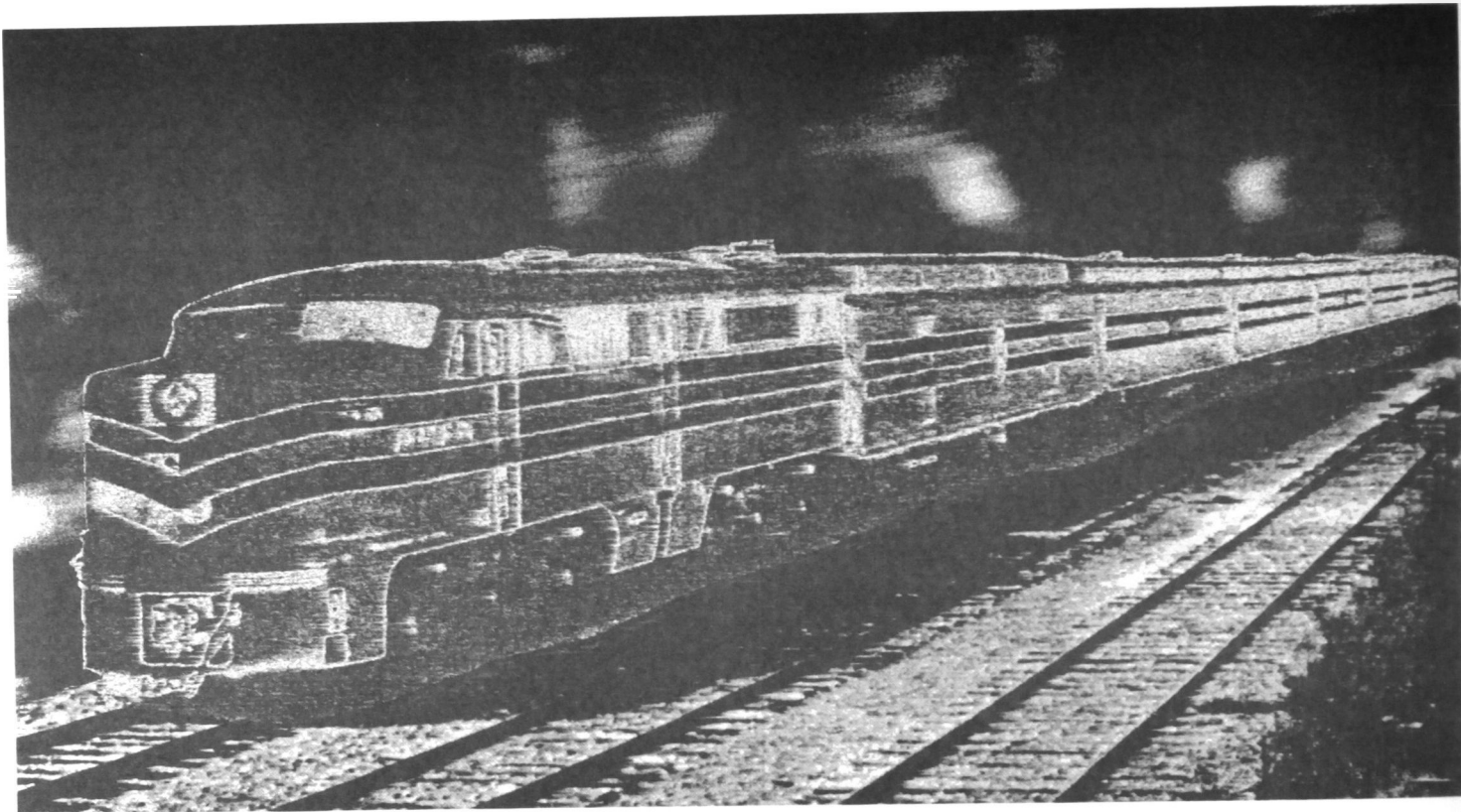
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ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS HENSON

At the Station

by Charles D. Moskus

A dry faith brings us here,
sits us down on splintered benches
to stare at these abandoned tracks
broken by the weight of miracles
always heard but never seen,
they whisper off across the desert.
Our pockets sag with hours.
Our boots scuff invocations,
leather chants of hope
that wither in the heat.
No departing or arriving, only
waiting, the way these tracks
still watch for wheels, the way
we stretch abandoned arms
and yawn our souls to heaven.